

THE PACIFIC

VOL. 59.

SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. FEBRUARY 4, 1909.

No. 5

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

RECEIVERS AND THE GIVER.

"We beg no favors," so we say,
Of one another,
Some independence we can show
To friend or brother.
And yet, dear Lord, to Thee we come
For constant favor,
Nor think of pride or self-esteem
In our behavior.

There is no hindrance to our trust
When Thou bestowest;
Some right to ask for that we need
We have, Thou knowest.
For love beats every barrier down,
And Thou hast given;
Freedom needs the prayers of earth
To touch Thy heaven.

—Marianne Farningham.

PAID
Theological Seminary

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price \$2.00 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier, Editor,
2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The Rev. Dr. M. A. Mathews of Seattle has declined the call from the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland. Dr. Mathews has the distinction of being pastor of the largest Presbyterian church in the world. Now that Dr. Mathews has declined the call given him, it is rumored that the Oakland church may call the Rev. Dr. Goodspeed who has been acting as supply since his engagement closed with the First Congregational Church on the return of Mr. Brown from abroad.

In the adoption last week of a charter which prohibits the sale of liquors anywhere within her borders Berkeley did herself high honor. It is something of which every citizen may be proud. Doubtless the saloon element was out in all its strength, and only 1179 votes were cast against the alternative clause which takes the question of the sale of liquors out of the hands of the city council, and prohibits by charter. Berkeley will be more popular than ever before as a place of residence, and with the strong sentiment among manufacturers against the saloon there is no reason for the belief that the city will be any the less popular as a place for factories. The last few decades have witnessed a large decline in the number of the friends of the saloon.

In an article in The Religious Telescope, Bishop Bell of the Pacific District of the United Brethren Church says: "The feeling for organic union, and that at once, is strong and growing between the Evangelical Association, the United Evangelical Church, the Methodist Protestant, and the United Brethren, on this district. Heartly, spiritual merger of at least some of the denominations out here would simplify our most urgent problems. The governing bodies of all the denominations which have assembled, and will in the future assemble, as is usual, in the East, where church life is strong and more likely to be self-satisfied, should study this development of sentiment in these regions and give it deserved consideration. Who can say the Spirit of God is not in it? The co-ordinating, aggregating, and realigning of the denominations of American Christianity is one of the urgent needs of the hour."

The New York Times expresses the judgment that the California legislature is making a poor return to the nation that turned to the state so sympathetically and generously in the great disaster in 1906 when it seeks the enactment of such measures as have been aimed at the Japanese in certain bills introduced at Sacramento. The Times well says in this connection: "Members of the family of

states have the same right to protest against the misbehavior of California that the members of a private family would have to resent and condemn lawless and indecent conduct by one of their own number. The need of registering a national protest is enhanced by the fact that the yellow press here and in Japan seizes upon an incident of this nature with an instinctive desire to make the most and the worst of it, and to stir up trouble where there is even no occasion for trouble. If these obnoxious bills represent the prevailing public opinion of the city of San Francisco and the state of California it is time for us to know it in order that a new and strange situation may be met by appropriate measures, as such situations have been met throughout our history. But above all it is time for the city of San Francisco to determine whether it wishes to be regarded as a representative American city, as a sane and reputable city, or as a plague spot."

Believing in cooperative industrial and business enterprises we note with pleasure the recent report of Mr. Fasset, manager of the Rochdale Co. at Loomis, in this state. The yearly sales have increased from \$14,058.49 in 1904 to \$41,926.17 in 1908. The increase in 1908 over 1907 was \$12,568.53. The dividends paid since organization have been eight per cent on share capital and two per cent on membership trade. The manager says in his report that they have been unable to supply the trade demand on account of their limited capital, which is less than five thousand dollars. Sometime, and in the not far-distant future, people widely are going to see the folly and the injustice in any system other than the cooperative. The money that is made in any business belongs to all who help to make it by their patronage. It is a principle not much recognized today, but bound to be before many more decades roll around. Instead of having a business carried on by one man or a few men with all the capital and getting all the profit, there will be a wide distribution both of financial responsibility and profit. "The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," wrote Tennyson, and they are widening rapidly in this day and age of the world.

The announcement of his election to the presidency of Pomona College came to the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, Wednesday of last week just as he was about to take the "California Limited" from Chicago for Los Angeles. The daily Times conveyed the information to him by telegram and asked his probable answer to the call. His reply was: "The presidency of Pomona College offers a great opportunity for the right man, but I do not see how I could even consider it." But the Times quotes an intimate friend of Dr. Day as saying: "I believe, after sober consideration, Dr. Day will accept the responsibility. While he is an able, effective and entertaining preacher, he has shown himself to be made of the stuff that makes good college presidents. He possesses the executive ability, and at the same time the training gained in travel and on the platform that will enable him to reach people through his eloquence and logic, and will bring to bear on the college a great influence for its upbuilding." This is the second time in recent years that an effort has been made to take Dr. Day from the pastorate to other work. A few years ago he was offered the secretaryship of the Congregational Home Missionary Society. Neither at that time nor now was his church ready to give him up. In our judgment the trustees of Pomona College have made a most excellent choice and if only the interests of the college were to be considered doubtless all Dr. Day's friends would wish his acceptance of the position.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Chicago-Record-Herald remarks: "It is a pity that the Japanese who come to this country cannot be transported straight through California and deposited in states in which they would be welcome."

The \$8,000,000 fund left by the late W. S. Stratton, the Colorado mining king for an industrial and charitable institution, is available now for the establishing of the institution. It will be modeled after Girard College, Philadelphia.

The Y. M. C. A. in Chicago contemplates the erection of a \$500,000 hotel modeled after the Mills hotels in New York City. The secretary suggests also a rescue department devoted to caring for those who are temporarily embarrassed.

The Rev. Dr. John H. Kerr, recently publishing secretary of the American Tract Society, has entered on the pastorate of the Arlington Presbyterian Church, New York City. Dr. Kerr was a professor in the San Francisco Theological Seminary for seven years.

Westerville, Ohio, a town of about 2000 population, twelve miles from Columbus, has been selected as the national headquarters of the Anti-Saloon League. The Ohio headquarters will be there also. Westerville is the seat of Otterbein University, the leading educational institution of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. The town has long been noted for civic righteousness, and the absence of saloons for many years has made it desirable as a place for residence. A building to be known as the Lincoln Memorial Building is to be erected at a cost of \$100,000.

Mr. Harriman says that a college education is in the beginning a real disadvantage to a young man who goes into railroad work; and that no matter how well educated a man may be he must start in railroading at the very bottom. "A railroad man has no fixed home," he continues; "he is like a naval officer, always at sea, and moreover he is always working to the limit of his endurance. It is the hardest life I know, and yet one of the most pleasant. It cultivates an insight. It teaches a knowledge of men, and in this way is the best training for any profession. 'Pull' can never carry a man far in railroading. My advice to the college man expecting to enter railroading and hoping to have an easy life, is—don't; but to the man who does not mind the hardest kind of work, who will not quit under early disappointment, and who wishes to have the most interesting sort of a career, is by all means—do!"

The name of Union Biblical Seminary at Dayton, Ohio, has been changed to Bonebrake Theological Seminary. It is controlled by the United Brethren Church. Several years ago the trustees announced that any one making a gift of \$50,000 in cash, real estate, or good notes, would be permitted to re-name the seminary. About eight years ago a devoted member of the church bought ten sections of land in Thomas county, Kansas, with the hope that it would so increase in value in a few years as to make it possible for him to make the required donation. Four years ago the land was appraised by a church committee at \$43,000, with a prospective value in three years more of \$73,000. A few months ago its value had increased to \$85,000 and steps

were taken for its transfer to the seminary, and the change of name in accordance with the stipulation. Bonebrake is an honored name in the United Brethren Church. Six sons in one family were ministers.

There has been of late a great exodus from the established Church in Germany—The Lutheran. In Berlin more than 10,000 persons have left the church during the last year. A correspondent says: "So great is the number of those who are notifying their intention to terminate their membership that special offices have been opened in Berlin to receive their applications, which now number between 300 and 400 daily. These applications are almost altogether from members of the Lutheran Church, and hardly affect the Roman Church at all. Added to this, is the significant fact that the numbers of communions, baptisms and church marriages are rapidly diminishing. It is computed that for every five marriages celebrated five years ago in church and registry offices only three are now celebrated in both places, the other two being satisfied with a civil ceremony alone. Among the working classes, especially those attached to the Social Democratic party, there exists a bitter hostility to the clergy and all institutions which they control. The clergy have not shown themselves sympathetic to democratic wishes, siding on almost all occasions where conflict exists between poor and rich, between possessors and dispossessed with the class in power. Apparently they have lost touch with the people, and complaints are loud and general that real pastoral work, such as exists in the cities, towns and manufacturing districts of the United States, does not exist to any sufficient degree in Germany. There is, moreover, a widespread feeling that the clergy are paid far too high salaries, yet, notwithstanding this, large additions have been made recently to their incomes. Much dissatisfaction is also felt at the methods employed by the ecclesiastical authorities in collecting those dues assigned to them by law, defaulters are as ruthlessly treated as though their debt were a civil one, and it not infrequently happens that defaulters' goods and chattels are sold to meet church demands. Lately also considerable feeling has been aroused by the clerical opposition to cremation, especially in Prussia, and also to the conduct at the grave of suicides, which is entirely mediaeval in its character."

THE REV. ELSWORTH LAWSON.

[We take from the Mexican Herald, of Mexico City, Mexico, the following concerning the minister who is expected to enter on the pastorate of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, the first week in March.—Editor.]

The departure, on the evening of February 25, next, of Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson, pastor of the Union Evangelical church, will make a vacancy in the English speaking colony which will be hard to fill. Dr. Lawson has been in Mexico eleven years, and during that time has made a place for himself which long have its impress here.

Dr. Lawson goes to the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Oakland, California, where he was called last November. There he will have a broader field, where his friends predict much for him both as pastor, and in his literary work, a brilliant future.

As pastor, here, he has done much to raise the standard of preacher and pastoral friend, and has made the Union

church into a congregation marked for its sterling, wholesome Christianity, in a city where there is none too much to hold foreigners to the sterner rules of life. But his influence has extended beyond the walls of his church, and amongst men and women, and particularly young men, he has done a world of work as friend and companion which must, now that he is leaving Mexico, be credited fully to his honor.

Dr. Lawson has written extensively since he has been in Mexico; his *Euphrosyne*, a short story that is to those who appreciate the delicate beauty of diction combined with the sharp brilliancy of the cutting of the diamond, one of the literary gems of the day. Its central theme is built up about a pair of lovers drawn to each other by a mutual love for Walter Pater's great masterpiece, *Marius the Epicurean*, and upon this original theme, one full of possibilities, he has been able to weave a story full of charm and intellectual beauty.

From the *Unvarying Star* is Mr. Lawson's first long novel, which was published three years ago, and he has just finished another novel, as yet unnamed, which should appear before many months.

Dr. Lawson was born in Otley, Yorkshire, England, in 1868, where he grew into early manhood. This town is fully described as *Thurby*, in *From The Unvarying Star*.

Dr. Lawson arrived in the City of Mexico on September 15, 1897, and preached for the first time in the Union church the following Sunday. At the meeting of the church, held on Monday, he was called to its pastorate, where he has served continuously ever since. Shortly after his arrival here, the church sent him on a trip to El Paso, where he was married to Mrs. Lawson.

The story of his coming to Mexico is full of romance, the romance of a young man in the fullness of life, and in the struggles of mind and heart through the by-ways of doubt and indecision, features which the years have tended to gloss over with the richer beauty of a well ordered, wholesome life. But along with these sides of the story is the love feature, for Mrs. Lawson, then unmarried, was in Chihuahua, and the "ribbon of romance" pulled hard on the young clergyman back in Ireland. He came to Mexico expecting to take charge of a Congregational mission at Hermosillo, Sonora, but the plans for the post were abandoned by the mission board while he was still on the Atlantic, and he reached New York to hear of the downfall of his plans. At that time, the Union Church was in need of a pastor, and he came to Mexico to be accepted and placed in the position he has held so long.

Mr. Lawson, who is a Yorkshireman, and very proud of the fact, says that he began life at the door of a newspaper office—selling papers; so he has always had a profound interest in newspapers and their makers. "On the whole," he said, "the press has treated me with great consideration. Of course men who are not gentlemen sometimes sneak into a newspaper office, just as they sometimes creep up the pulpit stairs. But I have received many kindnesses at the hands of reporters and editors."

Mr. Lawson says that the incidents of his career are singularly devoid of interest. "My school days were the most miserable period of my life. I was a painful stammerer, and like most stammerers, very nervous, shy, and morbid. Boys are not particularly considerate of marked peculiarities in other boys. You can guess the rest. I had to work early, first as newsboy, then as a clerk in a grocery store. But from 13 years old until 18, I worked on a bench

as a pattern maker in a printing-machine shop. My ambitions? The first was to be a coachman and crack a whip. The second, which still annoys me on occasion, was to be a soldier. I never hear a military band even now without a sudden heating of the blood. But the nearest I ever got to being a soldier was during the two years when I was a sort of chaplain in the Dublin garrison. I was a Methodist then. It was in my unregenerate days. Oh, no, they didn't turn me out. I left for the good of the church, I don't know what might have happened if I had stayed much longer. But seriously, my love for Methodism is stronger today than when I was a not particularly shining ornament in its ministry. I have no warmer friends in the world than are still in the Methodist church in Ireland."

Asked about his interests in pure literature, Mr. Lawson said that it began before he was out of his teens. "Dr. W. J. Dawson wrote some inspiring articles in 'Great Thoughts,' on English poetry. Beginning with Burns he finished, I think, with Browning. They have since been enlarged and now form the first of three volumes on the 'Makers of Modern English.' How much has been published since then! Yet I know nothing better for really arousing enthusiasm for our great literature. My own particular interests center in the drama of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in the great writers of the last. Among the prose writers, Ruskin, Carlyle, Newman, George Meredith, Stevenson, and Pater are my favorites; and Browning my chief poet. O no, not confined to these, but I come back to them most frequently. I read less and less fiction as the years increase. It is unsatisfactory. Great fiction is as rare today as great poetry. I think we are living in a kind of interval between a great past, and a greater future. In theology I could not possibly detail my indebtedness. But I should say that the three men who have influenced me most are Prof. Harnack of Berlin, Principal Fairbairn of Oxford, and Dr. George A. Gordon of Boston."

"No," he said in answer to a question. "I'm not a self-made man. I only met one in my life who frankly admitted that he was self-made, and I must confess that the goods did not recommend the firm. Every great book I have read, every great picture I have seen, every great man and woman I have had the joy of knowing, and a host of men and women whom the world would not call great—all these have been my teachers and exemplars. It is true that I never had a university career. It is the one blank in my life that I never cease to lament. But all the years since I was twenty have been a practical training for the work of the ministry. I began as a colporteur, went throughout England with a gypsy van and two horses, selling Bibles and religious books, and preaching from the van steps on market days. Those were great times. I lost my stammering, and won whatever little confidence I possess from those van steps. No, the intellectual standard of that training college was not very high. I remember once being caught reading, I think it was *The Stones of Venice*; the reproof I got contained the recommendation to read *Howe's Redeemer's Tears*. Well, I read it; but I fancy that I should appreciate it more now than I did then. But everything I know about preaching was learned there; and among all the great men I have known, there was none greater in his own way than the Rev. Thomas Champness, the founder of the Joyful News Home.

"I'd rather not speak of my theological pilgrimage. It would not interest your readers, and it has been a long and often a dark journey. But I have come into a positive

House of Faith, and little by little the precious things of life are being placed in it. I haven't any room in my house for temporary things and crazy faiths. They come as guests now and then, but only the eternal interests have an abiding home there. I can never be too grateful for the absolute intellectual liberty which has been granted me here. It has made of these eleven-years-and-a-half a sort of prolonged post-graduate course. Indeed the one thing that strikes me on looking back is the sympathy and encouragement I have received from the people in the church. They have never doubted my sincerity, and have been willing that I should speak my mind on all things. Some of the ministers have been unfailingly and everlastingly kind, from others I have received little but misunderstanding and misrepresentation; but the great lay element in the church is, I think, true to the principle of Protestantism, which is liberty to try the spirits in the belief that God gave us our minds as well as our hearts. I feel today that there is more of the real spirit of union among us in this Federal District, than of any other time within my knowledge. The future of the Union Church is very bright, and its opportunities will increase. Its distinct place in the life of the English-speaking colony will become more and more apparent as the years go by."

THE POWER OF A LOOK.

By Robert E. Speer.

One Sunday afternoon in New York City I went to a religious meeting, where a man was talking to men about Hoffman's pictures of our Lord. He had an excellent collection of them in stereopticon slides which he was showing to this crowd of men. He reserved until the last Hoffman's picture of Jesus as a Lad, talking with the doctors in the Temple. As he threw the picture on the screen, he told how he came into possession of his copy of it. He had gone to visit Hoffman, he said, immediately after the completion of that painting, and Hoffman gave him the first copy. He brought that copy home, and put it in his business office in New York City.

One day, as he was sitting there, a judge from the Supreme Court of one of the New England States came in to consult him about some business. He saw the picture standing on the easel. Instantly his eyes were attracted to it. He looked at it all the time he was discussing his business, and after the business was over he sat a little while still looking at the picture, and then went away. Later in the morning he came back and said: "I want to see that Boy again." He sat for nearly an hour looking at it, and then got up, his eyes very moist, and walked away.

In the afternoon he came back and said: "I would like to see that picture of the Boy once more." The owner gave it to him and said: "Go into my private office, sit down, and look at it as long as you want to." He took the picture, went into the office, laid it down in his lap and cried over it. An hour passed, and then he came out, laid the picture down, and with tears running down his cheeks he said: "The Boy has conquered me!" He went out from the room with the picture of that Boy lingering in his life and transforming it. He is living now, said the speaker, in his own State, an influential Christian man, teaching the young men in his Bible class of Him unto whom he had looked, and by whom he had been changed.

I want to be changed myself very much in many ways that I do not propose to tell anybody else. But He knows, and I know He can do it. It may take Him a long time—

ten, twenty, fifty years—but I know that the changes I want made He can make, and that even if He never gets them made down here, there will come a day when I shall wake and be satisfied with His likeness, seeing Him as He is. And that hope is worth all the world.

Would that we might let Him begin to effect His larger and richer results in our lives, that every one of us might fix his eyes upon Jesus Christ! We shall walk in the light as He is in the light.

A CALIFORNIA POET.

The spirit of sincerity and of song characterizes to a marked degree the volume of poems entitled *Wander Songs*, by John S. McGroarty, editor of the *West Coast Magazine* of Los Angeles. Mr. McGroarty has caught and interpreted with fine ardor and discrimination the characteristic allurements of California, those subtle, peculiar charms that appeal so strongly to every lover of the beautiful,—as may be discerned in *Just California*, *In the San Joaquin*, and *The Hills of Santa Cruz*.

"It lies where God hath spread it,
In the gladness of His eyes,
Like a flame of jeweled tapestry
Beneath His shining skies,
With the green of woven meadows,
And the hills in golden chains,
The light of leaping rivers,
And the flash of popped plains."

There is also a very pure, warm, human touch in many of Mr. McGroarty's poems that sets in vibration the deep elemental affections and longings of the heart and makes the reader feel that he has fallen in with one who knows the simple, strong, tender realities of home life and friendship and loyalty from which the streams of true poetry flow. Such poems as *The Long Road Home*, *The Grey Day She Died*, *The Little Salvation Lassie* and *Snug Harbor* are of the sort that it makes one a better man to read.

"It's just a palace, Snug Harbor is, it may be here or there,
Wherever moons are soft at night and suns at morning fair,
It's just a place for sailormen, or yet for you or me,
A shelter from the off-shore winds or winds that blow from
sea.

* * * * *

For some they call it Port o' Dreams, and some they call
it Home,

And some they call it Heart's Desire when far away they
roam,

But you will call it by the name that still you loved the best,
When you slept within Snug Harbor upon your mother's
breast."

John Wright Buckham.

THE PARADOXES OF CHRISTIANITY.

By "Carpus."

In George Bancroft's "Life and Letters," recently published, there is an allusion to an interview between Frederick the Great and Lafayette. "I have heard of a man," said the king, "who traveled far and came to an untimely end. You had better keep at home." Gilbert Chesterton, the brilliant English author, has said that he had intended to write a book upon the adventures of a man who started out to make some wonderful discoveries in the South Sea Islands or even more distant and unknown waters. But by some miscalculation of his reckoning he found himself back

in old England, and the familiar spires of Brighton loomed up before his astonished gaze. Instead of this strange voyage of discovery he has given us a more interesting chapter of his own biography. In his lately published "Orthodoxy," we have an account of his own adventures in the religious life,—a kind of "Apologia," which like Newman, he seemed challenged to produce. Christianity at first repelled him, as it did many of those of his own age. He was not attracted by any of its defenses. But all attacks and the most extreme speculations had a strange fascination for him. He longed to make some new discoveries in the philosophical and economical realms. But the more he wandered, the nearer he found himself to the old homeland. Paine actually "unsettled him" in his infidelity. Ingersoll caused him to exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And after worshiping in many heathen temples and mingling with the wildest reformers, where should he find himself but back in England. He testifies that he could get in the little chapel next door to him all, and much more than his wild wanderings had brought to him. One thing that helped him to come to his senses was the contradictory charges that his favorite authors directed against the old religion. One could complain of its belligerent and military attitude. Christianity had caused so much unnecessary bloodshed. The poet, Swinburne, had lamented the dreariness of our faith. "Thou hast conquered, O pale Gallilean; the world has grown gray with thy breath." But soon the same poet publishes his "Atlanta," where he makes the old paganism darker still. And the very man who had denounced Christianity for its pessimism was himself a pessimist of the darkest die. So a religion that everyone was attacking and for opposing reasons began to interest Mr. Chesterton; and while he did find much in the Bible and the creeds at first that seemed contradictory, he found here alone the real reconciliation. Dante gives us hell, purgatory and heaven; Ibsen only gives us hell.

We have not space to give even a sketch of a single chapter of this marvelously interesting book. Robertson Nicol puts it down as perhaps the leading book of last year; the North American Review makes it in some ways superior to anything since Emerson. Dr. Aked of New York preached a sermon on "Chesterton's Discovery." It is not a book that can be read rapidly. It is too full of surprises and strange paradoxes. We have to lay it down and reflect. Chesterton might be classed as one of Dr. Bushnell's "Outside Christians," but he can teach many of us preachers not to present any more apologies in the modern sense for our religion, but an "apologia," as Newman used the word,—triumphant explanation and defense.

THE SUPREMACY OF THE HEART.

By Charles R. Brown.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. 4:23.

Out of the heart are the issues of life—this statement is true in morals! It is true in mental growth, as modern psychology has been showing. It is true even on the physical plane.

The surgeons of the German army recently issued an authoritative statement based on wide and careful observation showing that the men who best endure fatigue, exposure, hardship, are the men with good hearts. They have been clerks in stores or office men showing much less mus-

cular development than young farmers or mechanics, but the sound heart had the casting vote. The young fellow whose heart action was normal, undisturbed by inhaling cigarette smoke or by any other vices, made the best showing when the tryout came. The heart action determines the circulation of the blood and it is blood which feeds and makes tissue as it is sent out along the arteries; it is blood that eliminates waste, carrying it back along the veins to be cast off through exposure to the fresh air in the lungs. The best physicians are saying, "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

Modern psychology tells us that the brain is enlarged and made effective not so much by having huge amounts of cold storage information thrust into it as by being kindled to eager interest, joyous enthusiasm, resolute aspiration. The physician feels the pulse of his patient that he may know the heart action, and the educator feels the pulse of his pupil that he may know what are the dominant moods, sentiments, enthusiasms, for these indicate whether the mind is making increase in bulk and weight and effectiveness. The mind grows best when it is warm, and warmth comes by the kindling of the heart through some worthy interest.

But it is in the realm of morals that I wish to urge this statement strongly. "Conduct is three-fourths of life," Arnold said, and conduct in the last analysis is an expression of the heart. It does not come from knowing the rules and the right moves in the game. It does not come by coldly lashing oneself to those principles of righteousness which stand up straight like masts in order to sail past the temptations that sing along one's course—these are the exceptional incidents of moral history. Conduct issues out of the heart because nine-tenths of the people do what they feel like doing. They are selfish or serviceable, they are mean or noble, they are false or sincere, not because they have reasoned it all out and turn back to carefully determine premises in each trying situation—they are thus or thus because they feel so. Out of the heart are the issues of their lives.

It was the fact that the fool said in his heart "There is no God," which gave his statement significance. The seat and source of his atheism made it ominous. There is a great deal of speculative atheism which is not alarming; there is much intellectual uncertainty and doubt in the presence of realities confessedly too great for complete comprehension, which is in no wise dangerous. The high school and college students often suffer from various forms of intellectual rash and measles which rarely prove fatal. The mental doubt is sometimes nothing more than the caution and reserve of an honest mind in the presence of some age-long mystery. But the atheism of the heart, when some soul feels, moves, despairs and surrenders as if God were not, does become serious.

And conversely, the most promising conditions are to be found where the heart is profoundly engaged. The highest ideal of moral influence expressed in the Old Testament is contained in these words, "I will write my laws upon their hearts." These laws had already been written on tables of stone, a whole race standing awestruck at the foot of Sinai when these eternal principles of right and wrong were announced by a divine voice which spoke from the top of the Mount. The people were commanded under penalty of terrible retribution and with the stimulus of august sanctions to keep those laws all the days of their lives. The face of the man who was urging upon them the sacred authority

and beneficent purpose underlying these injunctions, fairly shone with holy joy in his work.

And the laws themselves leave little to be desired in the way of a brief and useful code of conduct. God is one—"I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt; have no other Gods before me." Idolotry is debasing—"Make no graven images." Irreverence is corrupting—"Take not the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Family peace is sacred—"Honor thy father and thy mother Human life is sacred—"Kill not "Purity is sacred—"Commit not adultery." Property is sacred—"Steal not." Truth is sacred—"Bear no false witness." All the interests of others are sacred—"Covet nothing that is thy neighbor's." How well they cover the ground! Yet receiving and obeying rules furnishes us only the kindergarten stage of development in the moral world. After the lawgiver has had his day, the prophet must come forward with the loftier, the evangelical ideal—I will write my laws upon their hearts, until those principles of righteousness shall become embedded in that body of sentiment and aspiration which is dominant in the life of a race.

You cannot make a boy polite and courteous by teaching him rules in a book of deportment as you might teach him the right play in a game of bridge. He only becomes polite as there is instilled in his heart a genuine respect for the personality of others and a genuine desire not to wound or harm, but to serve the sacred interests of those other lives. Good breeding cannot stop short of that. We cannot make a man good by teaching him the Ten Commandments and inducing him to obey those rules in the game of life; we can only make him good as the laws are written upon his heart, becoming embedded in those feelings and purposes, those sentiments and aspirations which constitute the soul of the man.

The great main office of worship is found here. We do not gather week after week to pay compliments to the Deity in the shape of anthems and incense, postures and ritual—these would be an offense to him and wearisome to us. We gather because of the reaction upon our own hearts, which comes from the vision of God oft-repeated and made clear by the exercise of the spiritual faculty. The hearts of men standing in the presence of God are possessed by a new and loftier emotion. His great purposes for us and his readiness and ability to cooperate with us become a part of the common consciousness of those who worship.

"Here then above us, about us, within us," as a modern writer said recently, "is God. The One who is from everlasting, to everlasting, eternally young, eternally strong, eternally hopeful, the fulness of His energy unwearied, undiminished from age to age and every bit of it pledged to our advantage, eager to spend itself in redemptive effort on our behalf!" This is the last, great, ultimate reality with which we have to do! And to stand before that, thoughtful and reverent, expectant and trustful, until our hearts are kindled afresh with those impulses which bid us work and love and grow, is the final purpose of worship.

It is a higher ideal, this writing of the laws upon the heart, rather than upon a stone table or a statute book. It is the higher and the more exacting ideal. The love of a wife for her husband, where she really loves him is not merely earning a comfortable living by what is regarded as the more desirable method; the love of a father for his child, where he really loves his children as distinct personalities with rights, capacities, sanctities of their own and not

merely as fragments of his parental life projected for his own pride and gratification; the love of a soldier for his country where he is moved to a heroic life by his devotion to an ideal and is not merely serving time because other jobs are scarce; the love of anyone where it is real, is a thousandfold more exacting in its requirements than any legal stipulation man could frame. Love is at once the fulfilling and the transcending of all law.

In dealing with young people in our own homes or as pupils at school or in the mass through the appeal of literature, the main thing is to say what the text says—keep your hearts with all diligence, generously stocked with wholesome and exuberant enthusiasms for out of these are the issues of life. It is good for young people to become enthusiastic, even to the point of foolishness, over Emerson's philosophy and Ruskin's prose and Tennyson's verse. They swallow it whole at first, skin, seed, stems and all—they can learn to discriminate later. It is good for young people to be swept off their feet by some popular interest—they can adjust themselves to what is really vital and essential as they go on. Better the extravagant devotion, even though in some particulars it may become ridiculous than the wearied, self-conscious, self-pitying, blase air which some young people foolishly affect! Keep the heart and keep it full of those eagernesses which face upon the great things, for out of that attitude are the issues of life.

It is neither necessary nor wise that young people or older people should boil habitually at a low temperature as is the fashion of some, but sometime, somewhere in the presence of vast interests, face to face with certain commanding principles, it ought to lie within the possibilities that in any life water should on occasion become steam, for steam is power. That splendid uncalculating enthusiasm which does not stop to reckon up the entire cost of a line of effort, but casts itself in, unheeding and joyous, under the impulse of a great moral imperative—we shall never make headway in the development of individual character or in the correction of social wrong unless we have an abundant store of that fine quality!

In the presence of those states of heart which are right and promising it is possible for certain natures to exert an influence as deadly as if they acted with some directly immoral intent. If you take a bucket of cold water and pour on a little every time a bit of exuberant generosity or extravagant optimism shows itself, you can repress an astonishing amount of it. A woman can, if she chooses, chill the enthusiasm of the lover out of the heart of her husband and have left by her side only a man who will do his duty because it is right—that finer something which might have been hers is gone. Parents can, if they will, destroy the bubbling joy of companionship with them out of the hearts of their children and have something left which will honor and obey—but there is an unspeakable loss. The teacher who thinks that the wet blanket is the most suitable uniform for an educator can substitute the habit of enforced obedience to certain regulations in the place of joyous fellowship in a common quest for a fuller life—but the higher ends of education go down in defeat.

Look rather upon all these unstudied outputs of generous kindness, of sweet trust, of eager interest as plants which the Heavenly Father hath planted! Know that if you root them up you do it at your own peril. Better that a millstone were hanged about the neck of such a killjoy than that he should be permitted to cast a pebble of sour influence upon those shoots which promise an abundant har-

vest! Out of the heart are the issues of life, therefore, guard its glowing contents with all diligence.

In saying all this, I am dealing with that which is fundamental. God is Omnipotent, but the Bible nowhere states that God is power, for power is only an instrument in his great hand. God is Omniscient, but you nowhere find the Scripture statement that God is wisdom, for wisdom is only means to an end. God is All-loving and you do find the statement that "God is Love" and he that dwelleth in love, as the main mood and final purpose of his life, dwelleth in God and God in him. Love is not a tool—it uses the tools aright. Love is not a means to an end, it is the end. He that loveth hath fulfilled the law in that he has gained the final object of existence. To proclaim the supremacy of the heart, therefore, in all the experiences of life, is to insist upon that which is fundamental.

How splendidly the Master exemplified all this in His work with men! He spake as never man spake, the wisdom of His utterance and the rare charm of its form lift His name above every name. But when He made His supreme appeal He addressed Himself to the heart. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." It was a challenge for them to show the sincerity of their love by obedience to the high principles He taught. It was also an indication of the method in which He put His trust. "Love me, and you will keep my commandments," He seemed to say. He drew men into His company, into close fellowship with Himself, into sympathy with His aims and purposes until there was gradually begotten in their hearts a great masterful affection for Him. The love of Christ constrained them as they went out to preach and to serve, as they went down to prison and to death in fidelity to their sense of duty. Loving Him as they did, the keeping of His commandments became inevitable.

If you would know the joy of duty done, not shirked, of temptation met, faced, conquered, of burdens borne, not passed over to another, of clear progress in the life which exalted, know Him, live with Him, love Him, and out of the heart of your love for Christ will issue a life abundant and eternal!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY 14.

Life Lessons for Me From the Book of Job. Job 42: 1-6;
10-17. (Consecration Meeting.)

Henry Kendall Booth.

By common consent the Book of Job is regarded as the supremest literary product of Judaism. It is one of the world's greatest poems. But although poetic in language and dramatic in structure, it is not a dramatic poem like "Prometheus Bound" or "Faust" since it lacks the action necessary to drama. It is rather a philosophic poem, but like all Hebrew philosophy, concrete rather than abstract. The author is grappling with a great problem of human life, and he does so, not by discussing it in abstract terms, but by putting the discussion into the mouths of certain men, and thus making his book vital and dramatic. The problem with which the Book of Job is concerned is the why of human suffering. All that could be imagined of physical, mental and spiritual suffering falls upon the devoted head of Job, a sheik of the patriarchal age. And to this one in whom the whole problem of suffering has been concretely realized came the three friends, Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar, and the rest of the poem is largely made up of the discussion of this problem in which Job and the three engage. The three friends hold to one theory which they maintain

consistently throughout, that all suffering comes as a punishment for sin. This they urge upon Job with eloquence and passion, but he denies it and maintains his innocence even though he cannot understand the reason for his affliction, and his friends finally silenced by his vehemence and indignation he rests himself upon the ash-heap, and the debate is over. Then the voice of Deity is heard, and in a sublime piece of descriptive poetry sets forth the glory and majesty of God and summons Job to fall down before him in reverence and fear. Then with a Divine condemnation of the three friends and a commendation of Job the poem closes.

This is in brief an epitome of the course of this sublime poem. But no words could do justice to the impassioned and majestic poetry that charms and enthralls the reader, and no study can exhaust the spiritual riches that each man may and must quarry from this book for himself. It will only be possible to point out a few life-lessons that this book teaches.

1. That Suffering is Not Conditioned Upon Sin.

Even yet there are many who believe that bodily or mental suffering has come to them as a punishment for sin. In some cases this may be true, but it is not the sinners who suffer most in this life, or the saints who are most blessed. Often the very opposite is the case. This was the orthodox theory of suffering among the Jews and the Book of Job was written possibly to contravene this theory.

2. That No Doctrine Can Stand That is Not Based on Fact.

This is a great truth that we ever need to keep clearly in mind. Theologians have been busy constructing doctrines, but only those that are true to facts can live. The doctrine of the three friends was not in accordance with the facts, hence it was false, and God declares that they have only spoken untruth. (43. 7.)

3. Honest Doubt is More Acceptable to God Than the Distortion of the Truth in His Defense.

How often has the church imagined that the truth of God needed defense, and how many times have men sought to deny or conceal the facts of life in order to maintain their own theories which they have confounded with His truth. Such sophistry and special pleading are not pleasing to Him. Job's vehement arraignment of this spirit is a protest that we would do well to heed:

"Will ye speak lies for God,
And talk deceitfully for Him?
Will ye show Him favor;
Will ye be special pleaders for God?"

4. Our Trust in God Should be Strong Enough to Weather All the Storms of Adversity.

If poor, leprous Job on his ash-heap, groping in the darkness after a God he could not find, with no sure vision of immortality could maintain his faith in God, we, with our knowledge of God, our assurance of an immortal life and our personal communion with the living Christ, ought surely to be able to believe in God's love no matter what suffering and sorrow come to us.

5. The Reason For Suffering.

The reason for suffering we cannot fully know, but we are to humbly and patiently wait for the solution of that question for the larger life of eternity.

This is the simple and final lesson of the Book of Job. Suffering is a mystery. We do not know why God sends it upon the just and the unjust. But we believe in God and we can believe that suffering is some part of His providence for our lives. Job struggled with Promethean pangs to solve that mystery, and failed. But he learned the les-

son of a patient submission to God's will, and was content to leave the problem in God's hands. He was the prototype of that Divine Sufferer who emerged from the agonies of Gethsemane with the prayer—"Thy will not mine be done." We cannot solve these problems of our life; but we can serenely rise above them through our faith in Him who doeth all things well. This is the central and supreme lesson of the Book of Job.

Among the Churches

Monrovia.—At its recent annual meeting the church voted a \$300 increase in the pastor's salary.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—This church with a membership of 145 contributed during the last year \$3,521 for home expenses and \$746 for benevolences.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—The church held its annual business meeting on the 15th. Supper was served by the Ladies' Aid, and an encouraging and profitable evening was passed.

Sonoma.—A meeting extending over eight days, conducted by Rev. F. M. Price of Park Church, Berkeley, has just closed here, and notwithstanding very unfavorable weather resulted in much spiritual quickening and leading a number to begin the Christian life.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—The Mission Study Class of the Sunday-school have just completed a ten weeks' study of China and the Chinese, having used as a text-book "The Uplift of China," by Dr. Arthur H. Smith. Attendance upon the course has been well maintained; the public libraries of Pacific Grove and Monterey were searched for reference books, magazines and daily papers for current events. Among the results already noticed are: A truer appreciation of the value of missions, a better understanding of the problems mutually effecting China and America, a deeper insight into the providence of God as revealed in the great world movements of to-day. The always more or less annoying problem of securing a suitable evening for a class of this kind was happily solved in this instance by beginning the Thursday evening prayer meeting during the winter months at seven o'clock, and the class session immediately thereafter, at eight. As one result of this arrangement there has been a very noticeable increase in the attendance of the young people at the prayer meeting. They have now planned for another course to begin at once, and will take for their text-book "The Nearer and Farther East," the same being a study of Moslem lands, Siam, Burma and Korea, by Drs. Samuel M. Zwemer and Arthur J. Brown. About two dozen have signified their intention of taking up the work.

Alameda, First.—We started the New Year with a total membership of 347, with 56 on the absent list. During the last year, 22 were added on confession and renewal of their faith, and 13 by letter and restoration to the roll, making a total of 35, while 12 were removed. The average attendance of the morning and evening services was 186 and 152 respectively. This is a falling off from 1907. In the Bible School there has been a slight increase in both the enrollment and the average attendance, the enrollment standing at 276, and the attendance at 186. Mrs. A. G. Powell's class

has led the school for the year in attendance. The great cry of the school today is new teachers—men wanted. The Senior Endeavor numbers 21, and have voted to continue to stand back of Seamen's Rest and Mr. Anaud, their native teacher in India; the Intermediates number 25 and a goodly band they are and of much promise; the Juniors roll up a membership of 46, and stand a fair chance of carrying off the honors of the new year. The King's Daughters have carried out their program for the year to the letter, as usual, and done many little acts of kindness on the side by way of diversion. The Ladies' Aid have finished up their last payment on their \$2,000 pledge to the Building Fund and have invested in a fine set of silver knives and forks for the church. The treasurer's books show receipts of \$5,420 from envelopes, plate collections, church organizations and thanksgiving offerings. There was paid out on salaries \$3,469.80; on building fund \$1000; for general expenses and repairs \$581.84. The benevolences for the year amounted to \$1687, making a total outgo of \$7,319.99.

WASHINGTON.

Rev. C. F. Clarke, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.

The churches of the state are taking unusual interest in legislative affairs this year, as bills are before the legislature to abolish gambling at our race tracks and for local option. An attempt was made to pass an ordinance in Seattle permitting saloons to remain open all night during the fair. If the council were foolish enough to pass such an ordinance we are glad that our present mayor would immediately veto it. The instant storm of protest the suggestion aroused has suppressed the movement.

Seattle, West Side.—In spite of weather unusually severe for this part of the state the services recently have been well attended. A new organ has been purchased and Mr. R. W. Vincent, a pupil of Dudley Buck, has been secured or organist and musical director. The organ is the latest style of reed instrument, has two manuals and pedal. The Men's Club is growing rapidly in numbers and influence.

Hillyard.—The annual meeting was held January 5th. The reports of the officers show the past year to have been the best in the history of the church. Fifty-six new members were admitted, and the membership of the Sunday-school is nearly three times that of a year ago. During the year the Christian Endeavor society purchased a piano for the church, which is about half paid for. Evangelistic services are to be held under the guidance of Rev. I. B. Taylor, pastor of our church at Elk, as soon as the Sunday meetings are concluded in Spokane.

Deer Park.—The annual meeting was held on the evening of January 1st in the basement of the new church. Dinner was served by the men. About eighty-five sat down at the tables. Reports from all departments indicated a year of growth. There were \$4,153 contributed for home expenses and \$740 contributed for benevolences; 21 new members were received; a branch Sunday-school has been started in the Arcadia Irrigated district, where the pastor, Rev. P. F. Schrock, preaches twice a month on Sunday afternoons. A new house of worship has been erected, but inside work is not finished. However, the heating plant is installed and the building is being used for all church services. The building is thoroughly modern and built with a view to meeting the needs of the community. It has an auditorium to seat 250 and 300, individual class rooms for

all classes of the Sunday-school, social room and kitchen, a public reading room, which has a large stone fire place and will be open seven days each week. The entire building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. The building will be complete and ready for dedication some time during the spring.

HEBER, IMPERIAL VALLEY.

During the month of January, Rev. R. L. Glasby has organized four Sabbath-schools and established four preaching points in strategic places.

Knowing the Home Missionary Society is at present unable to pay the missionaries they now have, he put the situation to his church. As a result he now has four laymen preaching for him at different points. He has eleven services under his direction every Sabbath.

The men who are preaching are men of ability. Though they had never thought of preaching before, when the pastor laid the case before them and said, "Its now or never for the Congregational Church in Imperial Valley." They said with earnest enthusiasm, "We're with you!" Be it preach or teach they pledged themselves to do their best and they are doing it.

Beside the immediate work on his own particular field and the church extension work he is doing outside of his own field, Mr. Glasby has found time to do the duties which have fallen upon him as a citizen of a new country. He is one of the main promoters of the Ministerial Union of Imperial Valley. One of the enterprises taken up by the union last year was the furnishing of a right kind of entertainments for the young people. A new country is generally infested by entertainments and shows of a low grade, which many times pervert the morals of young people. The union saw their opportunity for patriotic services and undertook the responsibility of bringing to Imperial valley a high-grade lecture and entertainment course. Mr. Glasby was chosen as business manager of the course in the valley. The launching of this course was a tremendous task. The business men were applied to in each town to finance the thing. It took time and patience to so present it as to get them to respond. Several times Mr. Glasby has ridden thirty miles horseback across country to straighten out a tangle. But the business men when they considered a proposition heartily stood behind it. At the end of the course the treasurer had a balance of \$50 over and above all expenses. Mr. Glasby was chosen business manager this year, and while the work has not been so strenuous it has taken a good deal of head work to keep matters straight. He wanted to resign, but he knows the country more thoroughly than any other minister, so he was persuaded to accept the position. He has worked untiringly for nearly four years and is just beginning to see some of the results of his labors. Many have been the hours when it seemed as if the Lord had deserted him and his efforts seemed but failures, but with the tenacity of Job he still clung to him and with humility accepted what he was powerless to prevent.

AN EVENING'S MEDITATION.

Francis Lawson.

With close of day, how sweet is rest,
Beneath God's care, how safe, how blest,
Then when the morn renews the day,
Refreshed with sleep, to rise and pray.

That prayer is heard that seeks God's will,
His love is theirs who'd thus fulfill,
Serving the Lord with "Might of Right,"
That day begets, a peaceful night.

Soon will the "Night of Toil" be o'er,
Fatigue and pain afflict no more,
Faith, tho' afar, beholds its gains,
"Rest in the Lord," that "Rest remains."

Let this blest hope be like the sun,
With light and heat, to cheer us on,
Angelic hosts, now guard our way,
We pass thro' night to endless day,
Alhambra, Cal.

THE HOME

IF YOU COULD ONLY KNOW.

By Fannie Herron Wingate.

If you could only know, dear,
How deep the harsh words sting;
If you could only know, dear,
How long their echoes ring;
I think that you would leave unsaid
The words you sometimes say,
If you could only feel the pain—
The pain naught can allay.

If you could only hear the tones, dear,
The tones you sometimes use;
If you could see the frown, dear,
I think you could but choose
To put away such cruelties
That wound a heart of love,
And use the blessed gentleness
"That cometh from above."

For should the one you love, dear,
Be summoned from your side,
And you be left alone, dear,
In loneliness to bide—
Oh, sow not seed of vain regret,
But fill each passing hour
With gentle kindness, and thus
Make happiness your dower.

TENDERNESS.

Tenderness does not mean weakness, softness, effeminateness. It is consistent with strength, manliness, truth and bravery. It does not show itself alone in the touch, but in unselfishness, thoughtfulness, considerateness, forbearance, patience, long-suffering. But however it shows itself, it is as the bloom on the peach, as spring showers on the earth, as the music of the angels stealing down on the plains of the Bethlehem. You may have much of this world's wealth to distribute, but you may give something better and spend a useful and beneficial life if you will practice this lesson of shedding around you the grace and human tenderness, in word and act, and by the spirit of your life.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

NOT THE SAME.

While it is true that the mere surge of sorrow passes, it is not true that people get over everything. Many die of grief, but the greater number of those who are not cured are altered. Mrs. Oliphant expresses it best. She says that after the loss of her little daughter she became another being—better, perhaps, in some ways than she had been, but different. All of life is set to a lower key; the mind takes a darker color. Work remains, and, it may be, pleasure, and success, and friendship, and love, but it is never as it has been. One day cuts through life like a plough-share, and the edges are never brought together. Grief, like love, is apt to go on.—W. Robertson Nicoll.

WHY HE LOST HIS FRIENDS.

He was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, cranky, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from them, but always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship as a luxury to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation stone of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendship will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He was not loyal to them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.

He measured them by their ability to advance him.—Success.

THE BOND OF PLEASANTNESS.

"My youngest son has such a talent for getting along with everybody," said a New England mother of the most carefully conscientious type, to a friend. "Sometimes it troubles me. He always takes people on the pleasant side and says pleasant things to them, and it seems as if there must be some insincerity in it."

"Doesn't Tom really like all sorts of people?" asked the friend.

"Oh, yes. He can get along with persons the rest of us can't stand. He can manage tournaments at the Country Club and not give offense—you know how hard that is! He gets his own way, too, when he is sure it is the best way. I like to see him with people, and yet it worries me now and then. For how can he be quite conscientious or sincere and yet be so pleasant all the time?"

Her friend laughed. "I'm thankful that I wasn't born with the Uew England conscience. Tom's is a delightful nature. He calls out the best in others because he is pleasant through and through. And all you can do is to worry

about it! You ought to be proud and thankful instead. My dear Henrietta, isn't it just as sincere to say a pleasant thing when you feel pleasant as to be antagonistic when you feel irritated? Why, why does it appear sincere only to be rude or disagreeable? Tom's kind of sincerity is the sort I admire and approve, myself."

Yet there are many people who, like Tom's mother, distrust pleasantness. No matter how unaffected and continuous it is, they suspect it in their heart of hearts of being not quite true. But in fact it is the truest part of social life. It is what social intercourse needs most. If man did not feel drawn toward his fellows there would be no human ties. The liking for others is what forms and underlies all human intercourse. The jars and frets and prejudices and dislikes are not the real thing. They are the breaks in the right relation. The great human commandment is to love our neighbor.

Happy is the soul that easily establishes pleasant relations with everybody—happy and valuable. Unhappy is he who finds difficulty in genuinely pleasant intercourse with others. There is no possible virtue in being disagreeable to anybody, even when that anybody happens to be disagreeable or even wicked himself. The command not to judge others belongs in this connection. It is our business to love and serve our fellows, not to disapprove of them with acerbity. Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Ballington Booth have shown the world in two different centuries that being pleasant and helpful even to the outcasts of society works a deeper and more wonderful change than the most severe treatment. In the earthly ministry of Christ, his unfailing sympathy and tenderness for all whom he met, from the tiniest child to the outcast Samaritan and the Roman soldier, Zaccheus and the Magdalen, taught a truth that few disciples have ever carried out. Only the Pharisees, who held aloof from men in self-righteousness and prejudice, were judged hopeless by the Son of Man. They were sincerely disagreeable. But who wants such sincerity as that?

There is no reason whatever why a kindly thing should not be said just as easily, naturally and rightly as a sharp thing. The more conscientious a woman is, the more she should express the pleasant feelings that arise in her mind and suppress the disagreeable judgments. The fear of insincerity simply means, in most cases, that she fears being thought insincere in saying a pleasant thing. It takes a little training of one's self to be able to say without embarrassment a word of admiration "to a person's face." It takes indeed much the same degree of moral courage as to tell a man face to face of his faults. But once done sincerely, it is easier next time; and it has the surprising effect in the end of enabling the pleasant speaker to mention faults and errors in a way that carries wonderful weight. "My father hated to say anything unpleasant or reproving to any of us," said one of a large family who all "turned out well," as the phrase goes, "and he loved to praise us. We understood that so well, from the time we could understand anything, that when father felt he ought to rebuke us, and did, it made us feel ashamed through and through. His reproofs were searching, too; he seemed to look right through us, and accepted no excuses. When I read about 'telling the truth in love' I always think of father, and how inspiring he was when we needed it."

Pleasantness is not weakness. It is easy for a weak nature to be pleasant when life goes smoothly. But the pleasant person who really counts is the one who is pleasant

Young People

PHIL'S RISH AND WHAT IT BROUGHT.

in a crisis as well as in relaxation, in discouragement and opposition as well as on the primrose path. A man recently on his golden wedding anniversary gave his wife the handsomest diamond brooch he could afford, and wrote on the box: "Because you have always been pleasant." A pleasantness that holds through fifty years of daily intercourse is a greater jewel than any diamond, as all who knew the recipient could testify. For the whole neighborhood loved her for that same quality, manifested under every condition of joy and sorrow, adversity and prosperity.

To be unfailingly pleasant means to find and understand the good in everybody. It is always there, somewhere, in some quantity. The seeker for it is not always successful, of course, nor is there by any means always enough to pay for the search. Pleasant people are often rebuffed, taken advantage of, cheated, betrayed, injured through their trust in others. But why should any human being expect not to be, sometimes? On the other hand, who so well as the kind and good can call out the treasures of goodness and faithfulness that are latent in many hearts? "The blessed company of all faithful people" is only entered by those who love and trust and serve, and have faith in mankind and womankind. And Stevenson's rule of the road thither is a sure one—that our duty is to make ourselves good and our neighbors happy—if we may.—Priscilla Leonard.

HER MISSION.

She was only a little woman, 'tis true,
And hers was a common story;
She never had dreamed of a thing to do
That would lead to fame or glory.

She could not paint, and she could not sing,
And she could not write a sonnet;
She had not a face that could lend a grace
To a stylish love of a bonnet.

She had not wealth and she knew not ease;
She never had traveled for pleasure;
She knew not the art to charm and please
In the realm of social leisure.

And yet she deemed that her life was blest
In its humble sphere of duty,
Though only those who knew her best
Guessed half of its hidden beauty.

For hers was a genius for little things,
The realm of home to brighten;
And she scorned not the humblest work that brings
Some force to cheer and lighten.

For comfort and order were hers to command,
And the joys of life seemed longer,
While childhood clung to her loving hand,
And manhood through her grew stronger.

And some who loved her were half afraid
That her sphere was far too small;
But, oh, the happy home she made
Was a great thing after all!

And when her beauteous spirit shall flee
From its realm of loving and giving,
Her stainless monument shall be
The lives that were blessed by her living.

—Woman's Life.

Phil Mason waited a moment after school to add a line to his letter home. "It's jolly to have such good news for them," he said to himself, as he picked up his cap and books and started out of the empty schoolroom. "Little Mother will be pleased to pieces to know what a nice send-off I've got."

Phil was almost ready to open his letter and add some more when he found Murray Craig waiting for him at the gate to remind him of skating on the brook after supper.

"It's an honor for Murray Craig to wait for you," mused Phil. "All the fellows tag after Murray. I don't blame them; he is fine. I'm doing pretty well, if I do say it, to get in so much with him when he has only known me a month, and I was fresh from the country with nobody to boom me."

Phil pursued his way to the postoffice in a very contented frame of mind. He was boarding in town in order to go to the high school—the first time in all his life that he had passed as many as three consecutive weeks from under his father's roof.

"Murray's father is the first citizen here," his thoughts ran on comfortably. "The family is at the top of everything. But anyway, it's natural to Murray to lead. And if he likes you and takes to you, you need not worry about how you will get on with the others. That is settled for once and all. Little Mother won't care so much for the Craigs's social standing, their big record and all that part of it, as she will for what Murray is himself. She would like him tremendously; he is so straight and—and fine," returning to the vague, boyish word that would cover many things hard to express. Among these was Murray's early suggestion to Phil to go to Sunday school with him, and the sight of his attentive face at the end of his father's pew in church, and his answers to questions about the Bible. "Murray Craig is my Little Mother's own sort," thought Phil. "It didn't take long to find that out."

As he rounded the last corner above the postoffice Phil came upon a slim, lark-eyed, olive-skinned boy lounging near the curb. The boy made a movement to speak but ended by merely returning Phil's indifferent nod.

"There! I think I have shaken off Gilbert Loney," Phil congratulated himself as he went quickly on. His mind reverted to those first few homesick days when Gilbert's proffered companionship and entertainment had been exceedingly attractive. "I kept clear of him, but I didn't do it by any too wide a margin," he confessed soberly. "I had to hold on to my principles with both hands and think hard of Little Mother and the others. I never had been lonesome before and it wasn't nice, and there's a flash and jingle about Gilbert that seems a good deal more cheerful than a boarding house room all alone."

Phil shook his head. "Whew! I am mighty glad I'm strated right! Gilbert is headed wrong. If I went the way he is taking it would break Little Mother's heart. If I had chummed with him Murray Craig never would have looked at me. He hasn't any use at all for Gilbert's crowd."

After supper, with his skates dangling around his neck, Phil started for the brook, stopping to get Murray on the way.

"Tonight is perfect," said Murray. "The moon is shining her level best and it is just cold enough to warm you up. Glad I'm living! How do you do?" this last in salu-

tation to a group of boys, of whom Gilbert Loney was one. "That Loney fellow," said Murray, lowering his voice, "went straight for the mud as soon he struck this town. If he doesn't look out he will be fired from school before the winter is over."

Phil did not speak. Once more he was thankful that he had been able to reject Gilbert's advances. When the evening's sport was over and he lay awake for a few moments in his room in the boarding house, with a soft glow of moon light over the floor and only the frosty silence of the night out of doors, he did not think of the fun and frolic at the brook, nor of the quiet farmhouse many miles away where his father and his Little Mother and the children were asleep. He thought of the look on Gilbert Loney's face when he and Murray had passed him three hours earlier. What had it been, that look? Was it defiance? Was it resentment? What was it? Phil was not at all sure that he knew. Before he finally lost himself in sleep, however, a very distinct thought was in his mind—"I wonder whether Gilbert Loney really does like mud." But when the morning came he had forgotten it.

On Sunday after service Phil walked out of church behind Miss Betts, the village dressmaker, a gray-haired, rosy-cheeked little woman, smiling and talkative. Right and left she expressed her warm approval of the sermon, and when she finally settled down beside one companion for the walk home she entered on a more detailed eulogy.

"Excuse me for talking shop," she said breezily, "but if that sermon was dress goods I'd say it was a kind that would make up pretty and be real serviceable into the bargain. Some stuff, you know, looks nice in the piece, but after you put the scissors in you are dissatisfied. Today's sermon wasn't like that. I think," laughed the good woman, "I must try to get me a dress pattern off it for my own soul."

Phil turned away down a side street, shrugging his shoulders over such feminine figures of speech. "Why couldn't she just say that it was good precept to practice?"

The sermon had been on neighborliness. Without any warning Gilbert Loney suddenly shot now into Phil's memory. He frowned with a little impatience. "I came unpleasantly near being his neighbor. I guess it behooves me to keep out of temptation. I guess I am not exactly cut out for a missionary."

Yes, it had certainly been a good sermon. Parts of it repeated themselves in Phil's unwilling thoughts very forcibly. By and by he said himself: "You are a molly-coddle! You are a baby! You are a scared priest and a whimpering Levite, passing by on the other side and trying to make a virtue out of it. Did the Little Mother ever teach you that the one and only object of avoiding mud was to keep your precious self clean?"

Gilbert Loney had been at church. He had climbed into the gallery late, and slipping out of his obscure corner during the last hymn, had hurried away, as nervous lest he should be recognized as though he shunned disgrace. He, too, confessed to the excellence of the sermon. "But what was it? Words. If a hundredth part of it were into living, things would be getting pretty lively for us poor sinners in this place before night. No danger. Folks will talk about it, and heap praises on it, and nail down its coffin and bury it by dinner time. Speaking of that, I wish I was dead—myself. I wish—" With no one near to see, the look in Gilbert's eyes which had made Phil question a few days ago, was much plainer here now. He did

not end his sentence.

He was sitting on his landlady's porch, idly watching the returning churchgoers in the streets, when Phil came up on the steps to speak to him.

"Good-morning," said Phil. "I want to invite you to our class at Sunday school. We have a very interesting teacher. Will you come this afternoon?"

Gilbert stared at him and then laughed. "I don't believe I will, thank you. Sunday-school is a diversion that doesn't divert, in my experience. I am much obliged to you for your interest in me. I guess I can get on without your society on Sundays as well as I can on weekdays." Happily the last sentence was inaudible, and Phil, having muttered that he was sorry, took himself in haste, his chin well up and his lips well shut.

"I knew he wouldn't go," Phil reflected. "Anyway, I asked him. What is it to me in what spirit he takes it?"

Gilbert marched into the house and upstairs to his room and flung himself into a seat by the table. "You are a weak-kneed simpleton, Gilbert Loney!" he said. "Why did you go to church this morning in the first place? What comfort did you expect it to be to you? But you did go and enjoyed the sermon, and when a fellow-worshiper hunted you out expressly to offer you some more of the same kind of enjoyment, why didn't you close with him? You won't find it convenient to travel over two roads at once."

Unwillingly, as though forced to it in spite of himself, he lifted his head and looked at a pictured face on the wall above the table. It was the face of a young woman, not remarkable save for a haunting loveliness of expression. Gilbert looked at it with sullen eyes that refused to soften.

"She is dead," he went on. "You can't remember her. You can't go to her and tell her what a mess you have made of things, and she can't help you. You have chosen your companions and have gone where they took you and done what they did. But yet when they want to come up here where you live and make themselves at home, you won't have it because of a picture on the wall. As if a little diversion like that could matter or could shame her any more than what you do all the time. I never have watched any one go to the bad before. Maybe it is on the regular bill to shuffle backward and forwards a time before settling to the steady pace down grade. But it looks simple to me."

Gilbert put his hand out toward the picture, then drew it back. "Hankin's letter last night said he would send up a box of oranges by express early this week. When it gets here I will invite all my best friends in to a feast. Unless they may stay out. When they do come they shall not see my mother's picture. I couldn't bear to have them look at it or ask about it. I will hide it away—then."

To Phil's surprise—and it must be conceded, to his chagrin—he found that Gilbert was still on his mind. It was almost as if that final, upspoken taunt of Gilbert's had found its way into the atmosphere and discovered itself to Phil's inner sense as logic of his own. "To turn your back on a fellow all the week and then want to lead him by the hand to Sunday school on Sunday isn't the way to evangelize him, maybe. But I fear any amusement that I can offer would be far too tame for Gilbert's tastes. Anything after a quiet-walk-in-the-country order would hardly 'divert' him, as he says."

Phil went to dinner and in due course the day passed. It was not until bedtime that he fairly faced the question

which had been hovering in his consciousness through all these hours.

"It is a very doubtful," he summarized it bluntly "whether Murray Craig will stand for Gilbert. He doesn't take any stock in him. If he sees me with him his friendship for me will very likely cool off. Well, which is a bigger risk—to risk not keeping my place in the best society or to risk Gilbert's keeping his in the worst? Murray doesn't understand. No amount of newness and of loneliness would have tempted him; but it tempted me. I can understand how Gilbert may not have as much taste for mud as it looks."

Phil hesitated still a little longer. "I can't be sure of getting him on change; but I can be sure of trying. When a person once starts out to be a neighbor by profession he might just as well make up his mind that it is not always going to be a pampering process." And so Phil put out the light and went to bed.

The next morning before school Murray Craig hailed him with enthusiasm. "Isn't this a glorious spell of weather? Today is even better than Saturday. We must make the most of it before the thaw comes and spoils it all."

Phil said "Yes" rather abstractedly. He was looking around the yard for Gilbert. "For I'd better burn my bridges quickly or I might run," he thought. He tried to speak to Gilbert as though the rebuff of yesterday had never been, and he succeeded partially.

"Why do you never come down to the brook these moonlight nights and skate?" he asked.

"I don't know how to skate," Gilbert answered, not ungraciously.

"Don't know how!" echoed Phil, finding the statement so surprising that it made him natural for the moment. "What have you done all your life? Oh, yes, I remember. Your home is in Florida."

"I live there; it isn't much of a home," said Gilbert, his dark face clouding.

If Phil had dared to be sympathetic he would not have known known how. "You ought to learn," was all he said. "I suppose you haven't any skates."

"I could get some," answered Gilbert. And now his eagerness was unmistakable.

"Then do," said Phil, "and I will teach you. I am a great teacher. I taught my sister and my little brother, and they do well."

Gilbert's black eyes scrutinized him. At that minute Phil had forgotten everything but that it was not much of a home where Gilbert lived.

"You'd better not offer unless you are ready to be taken up," said Gilbert, breaking into a smile which made him look like another boy.

"But he isn't," Phil reminded himself, when they had agreed that instructions should begin that night and he was at his desk waiting for school to open. "He is not another boy. For he had a fancy when Murray's glance had encountered him and Gilbert entering the school room together it had settled on them meaningly before turning away. Maybe I'll be a different person after this. Never mind." Phil disowned that qualm which made his heart heavy. "Maybe Gilbert will be different too, by and by. That is important."

Gilbert was not a very apt pupil in the art of skating, but at any rate he had persistence. It was a strenuous

evening both for himself and his tutor. "Naturally I couldn't have much to do with the others while I was floundering over the brook with Gilbert," Phil reasoned later. "It was not possible."

But he did not feel certain then nor during the following days whether there had been any change of attitude toward him or not on the part of Murray and Murray's friends. "I can't complain of Gilbert's standoffishness," he said to himself. "He sticks to me like my shadow. And he isn't dull company, I must say. There is nothing poky about Gilbert."

But the good will of the other boys had been very dear to Gilbert. The fear that he might be losing it disturbed him not a little. Phil, though, persisted too. He set his teeth and doggedly, as expressed it, stuck by his job.

He had his reward when, late in the week without any preliminaries, Gilbert abruptly demanded: "I say, what time do you have your Sunday school?"

Saturday morning Phil was coming out of a shop when he was hailed by Mr. Lester, one of the high school teachers. he was hailed by Mr. Lester, one of the high school teachers.

"How are you, Phil? I am going out in a cutter after lunch, four miles or so over to Lawrence. Would you like to come along?"

Phil opened his mouth to answer with alacrity. He had never had an interview of any length with Mr. Lester, and he had heard plenty from other boys to make him desire it. But before he could speak he remembered Gilbert's disgust at his interrupted lessons in skating and his exuberance at the prospect of "completing the course and taking a degree" that afternoon. While Phil tried in one breathless instant to settle with himself whether he might explain to Gilbert and go, another voice broke in up them.

"You don't mean to say," cried Murray Craig, "that you hesitate over the invitation from Mr. Lester! Why, nobody in his senses could think of declining such a very special one as that. Yes, Mr. Lester, Phil is much obliged; he will be pleased to go with you. I can skate as well as you can, Phil," Murray went on. "Just leave Gilbert to me; I'll see that he does not get too many bumps."

"Very well then, Phil," said Mr. Lester. "Be at the school corner, will you, at half-past two?"

The boys did not stay long together after he had left them. When Murray had uttered a sentence or two, to which Phil replied in a monosyllable, both being shy of their own feelings, they separated. What Murray said was: "This is a pretty big thing you are trying to do—to give another fellow a new start. You won't mind my helping at it a little, will you?" And Phil answered merely, "No" But though his words were lacking his thoughts were not.

On Monday after school Gilbert arrived at his own gate with a dozen or more companions. "I got a box of oranges by express on Saturday," he said. "Who will come up to my room and eat a few?"

They all would, with ardor. It was not a very large room, and the big box of oranges made it smaller than usual. The guests crowded it, sitting on the floor and the bed and even the bureau. They were a gay company.

While the talk and laughter progressed, some of the boys noticed the picture of a sweet-faced woman hanging on the wall above Gilbert's table.—Sally Campbell in the interior.

Sunday School & Publishing Society

With its 66 workers placed throughout the country, this Society has organized and reorganized about 530 schools the past year, and nurtured many into churches. To the Sunday School Society belongs the pioneering.

THROUGH IT, NEW CHURCHES; NEW RESOURCES FOR ALL OUR BENEVOLENCES;
NEW POWER STATIONS FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS. WITHOUT IT?

In order to close the fiscal year, February 28, without debt, \$4,000 more than in this month last year is needed. Northern California's gifts to this Society for 1908 have fallen \$170 below her gifts in 1907.

THAT \$170, IF WE RAISE IT, WILL DO OUR PART.

This notice is for churches and schools that have failed of an offering this past year, and for churches and individuals who can still afford some help.

Address,

MILES B. FISHER, BARKER BLOCK,
Berkeley, Cal.

Supt. for Northern and Central California.

Sunday School & Publishing Society

LINCOLN'S BELIEF IN GOD.

(From "Lincoln, the Leader," in February Century.)

An intensely important feature of Lincoln's leadership would be omitted if nothing were said of the effect upon his thought and conduct of his belief in and conscious communion with an almighty, mysteries and beneficent Power, concerning itself not less with human affairs than with the march of seasons and the sweep of constellations. The deity was to him an ever-present, ever-regnant influence. There was nothing of theology or dogmatism in his religious opinions; but he lived in the spirit. The strange silence of the Almighty Sovereign perplexed him; and he sought with passionate eagerness to read the decrees of Providence in the unfoldings of events, sometimes taking definite action in accordance with his interpretation of divine indications. And always the belief in God was to him a challenge to singleness of purpose; to the All Pure he lifted clean hands and a pure heart.

THE CHURCH AND PHYSICAL HEALING.

There is abundant evidence that the projectors of the Emmanuel Movement are in imminent danger, by oft-repeated auto-suggestion, "of holding a given thought in the mental focus to the exclusion of all other thoughts," is the claim of Dr. James M. Buckley, in the February "Century," in a discussion of the "Dangers of the Emmanuel Movement," and the reasons why it should not be generally adopted. He goes on:

This movement is not a feasible adjunct to the local church, the activities of which are already such as to de-

mand the entire energy and resources of the pastor. * * * Few men could add to them the complex and exhausting duties of another profession without, in some measure, diminishing the efficiency of the former. To attempt to carry on a work of physical healing would entail neglect of important interests, or reduce the pastor to a condition requiring treatment at some other clinic. The existence in any neighborhood of such an institution would probably be a means of proselyting, and of disquieting the members of churches of the same denomination. Moreover, few would be competent by experience, study, or natural gift to superintend such a work.

A large proportion of the best physicians and surgeons of Boston and vicinity sympathize substantially with the view announced by Dr. Putnam. They believe that it places "the medical and clerical professions in a false light," that "it raises false hopes," that "it interferes with the relations between physicians and their patients," and that "it encourages haste and superficiality in the consideration of a serious problem."

PROTECTING THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

The President has asserted his doctrine of protection to the public domain by vetoing a bill which provided for the diversion of the Missouri river for a private enterprise. The President is certainly correct. These public privileges ought to be forever for the benefit of all the people. The right to operate the forces of nature should be limited in some way.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; non-sectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Opening of next Semester Jan. 6, 1909. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,

President Mills College P. O., Calif.

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street.

MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR.

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Larkin. From Ferry take Sacramento street cars.

FERRY'S
There is scarcely any limit to the possible improvement in seeds, but it takes time and money. We have been improving flower and vegetable seeds for over 50 years. More than 2000 people are working to make Ferry's Seeds suit you. Buy the best—Ferry's. For sale everywhere.
FERRY'S 1909 SEED ANNUAL FREE ON REQUEST.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.
SEEDS

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan,
San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los
Angeles, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO FREE KINDERGARTEN NORMAL SCHOOL
of the

Golden Gate Kindergarten Association
Organized July, 1891. Accredited by
State Board of Education

Miss Virginia Fitch, President.

Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.

Address: 1625 California St., Room 20

**Through Tropic
Climes**

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP LINES NEW ORLEANS-NEW
YORK SERVICE.

In connection with the Sunset Route
Between San Francisco, Los Angeles
and New Orleans.

Largest American coastwise steamers,
elaborately furnished staterooms;
electric lighted throughout.
Perfect dining service.

First cabin, \$35.00; round trip, \$60.00.

Second Cabin, \$27.50.

Includes berth and meals en route.

SEE AGENTS.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

POMONA COLLEGE,
CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LL.D., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.,

Edwin C. Norton, Ph.D., Dean.

**OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN
TRAINING CLASS**

(State Accredited List.)

Teachers Course, Two Years, Special
Classes for Mothers and Nursery Help-
ers.

Address:

Miss Grace Everett Barnard,
1374 Franklin Street,

**PACIFIC
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY**

Located at Berkeley,

Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President,

J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest
way."